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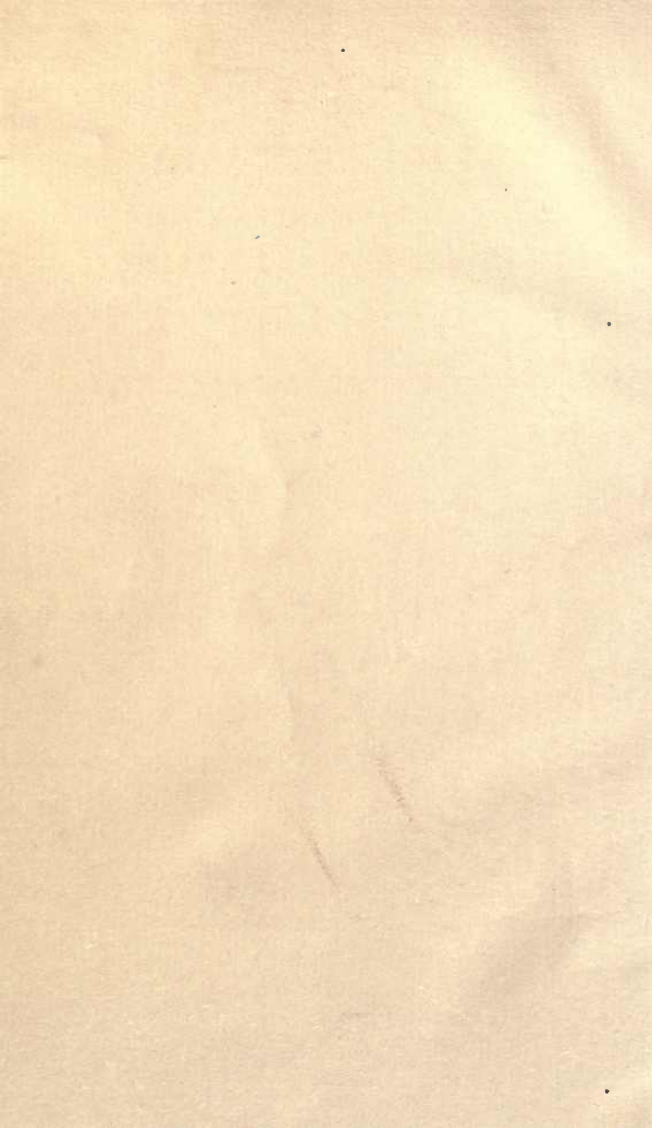
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P O E M S  
O N

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

To which are added,

BY PARTICULAR DESIRE,  
THREE LETTERS  
ON MORAL SUBJECTS,  
A N D

FOUR SPEECHES

DELIVERED AT  
A LITERARY SOCIETY.

By the late Mr. *D. FOOT.*

Scribimus indocti doctique ———

HOR.

*CHICHESTER:*

Printed by and for W. ANDREWS, and sold by  
G. ROBINSON, in Pater-noster-Row, London.

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M,DCC,LXXVII.

[ *Price One Shilling.* ]

P. O. E. M. S.

OF

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

To which are added,

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AND

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Scilicet in hoc die

Nov.

CHICAGO

Printed by and for W. Andrews and sold by  
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[Printed on 24th May]



## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE following Poems are presented to the Public, at the Request of many of Mr. FOOT's Friends, who admired his Ingenuity, and rever'd his Character. They were written in his Hours of Retirement from more necessary Pursuits, and may be consider'd as the Effusions of a sincere, and grateful Heart, ever ready to distinguish Merit by some literary Mark of Approbation, and Regard. Did a good Man breathe his last, he pour'd forth the mournful Elegy to his Memory. Did any one appear conspicuous for his public Worth, he paid him the just Tribute of honest Applause. Did a deserving Friend survive a dangerous Illness, he was sure to offer the first Congratulations on his Recovery.

It was with a View to perpetuate these little Specimens of his poetical Skill, that his Father very obligingly consented to their Publication for *the sole Benefit of the Printer*. And it is hop'd, that those especially who best knew our Poet's amiable and virtuous Qualities, his disinterested Friendship, his filial Piety, and above all, his awful Sense, and regular Practice of Religion, will receive these Productions with that Candor, which is due to the Memory of their deceas'd Author.



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# P O E M S

On various Subjects, &c.



## E L E G Y

On the much-lamented Death of Mr.  
GEORGE BLAGDEN, Attorney at Law,  
Chichester, Febr. 14, 1773. Ætat. 23.

Stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus  
Omnibus est vitæ, sed Famam extendere factis,  
Hoc Virtutis opus.—

Virg. Æn.

**I**F Worth superior merits our Regard,  
If Beauty faded claims the pitying Tear,  
Deign then, O Muse! to aid thy feeble Bard,  
To chant a solemn Dirge at BLAGDEN's Bier.

B

Attend

Attend ye Youths, whom Health and Vigour  
fire,

Who transient Pleasures view with longing  
Eyes ;

In this bright Copy, Virtue's Charms admire,  
And learn that Maxim, what is truly wise ?

Nurs'd from the Stock with staid parental Care,  
The tender Cyon firm and stately grew,  
In Bloom of Life it flourish'd heav'nly fair,  
Excell'd by none, and equall'd scarce by few.

Warm with refin'd Good-nature was his Soul,  
His Mind adorn'd with Knowledge free from  
Pride ;

With filial Piety he crown'd the whole,  
To ev'ry Grace divine by Choice ally'd.

What Hopes did from his rising Genius flow,  
What Expectations great his Merits gave ;  
All, all are blasted by the fatal Blow,  
And with him bury'd in the silent Grave !

But cease, my Muse, and dare no more complain,  
In fruitless Sighs no longer vent thy Grief ;  
A Loss most heavy, though we all sustain,  
Religion gives an ample, sure Relief.

Heav'n's just Decrees her sacred Lips reveal,  
This Truth proclaim, our Sorrows to allay,  
The due Reward of Virtue will not fail  
To crown its Vot'ries at th' appointed Day.



## P S A L M I. imitated. A

1.

**B**LEST is the Man whose cautious Steps  
 The Paths of Sin forsake;  
 Nor join with those whose impious Lips  
 A Scoff at Virtue make.

2.

But his sole Pleasure and Employ  
 Is in his Maker's Law;  
 On that contemplates Day and Night  
 With true religious Awe.

3.

As cherish'd by refreshing Streams,  
 Which from the River glide,  
 The Tree with Fruit and Herbage blooms,  
 In Summer's verdant Pride.

4.

So shall the upright Man with Peace  
 And prosp'rous Days be crown'd;  
 Shall flourish and benignly shed  
 His wholesome Fruit around.

5.

Not so the Wicked, they from Life  
 Shall rapidly be torn,

As Chaff by fleeting Hurricane  
From off the Earth is born.

6.

Can such before an holy Judge  
With Confidence appear?  
No, struck by conscious Guilt they droop,  
Abash'd with Shame and Fear.

7.

Nor shall the Sinner with the Just  
In blissful Regions join;  
Or ope his filthy Lips in Praise  
Of Majesty divine.

8.

For all the Ways of righteous Men  
The Lord with Favour views;  
But those who follow wicked Steps  
His dreadful Wrath pursues.



E P I T A P H

## E P I T A P H

On a Brother and Sister.

**S**TAY Mortal, stay ! with deep Reflection  
read !

Nor pass, untaught, the Mansions of the Dead.  
A Youth, who great in Hope, Death's Terrors  
brav'd ;

A Maid, whose Innocence his Pity crav'd ;  
Here sleep in Dust ! O ! then be wise To-day ;  
To-morrow's Dawn may summon Thee away.

## ENCOMIASTIC VERSES

On the Boarding-School for YOUNG  
LADIES in *Chichester*.

**P**IERIAN Sisters ! to your Vot'ry bring  
Celestial Notes, a darling Theme to sing :  
Bright Beauty, deck'd in all her native Charms,  
That ev'n Detraction of her Sting disarms ;  
Sweet Innocence, with heav'nly Wisdom join'd,  
By Education's wholesome Laws refin'd :  
The highest Praise obsequious Bards pursue,  
To RUSSELL's Pupils worthily is due ;

Each

While with a graceful Emulation fir'd,  
 Each by true Merit seeks to be admir'd,  
 Unus'd to stern Compulsion's irksome Chain,  
 By Diligence fair Knowledge they attain.  
 With Heart-felt Joy their sage Directress sees  
 A pleas'd Submission wait her wise Decrees;  
 Whose Kindness, equal to maternal Love,  
 The grateful Smiles of Numbers well approve.  
 Nor less a Teacher's soft engaging Skill,  
 On tender Minds, bright Science to distil.

Thrice happy Seminary ! where appears  
 A hopeful Prospect of succeeding Years :  
 When Pride and Ignorance at once expell'd  
 Fair Beauty's Court, shall in just Scorn be held,  
 Virtue shall shine in elegant Array,  
 And all confess her universal Sway.

## TRUE EXCELLENCE,

### A N O D E.

*Virginis Os Habitumque gerens.* Virg.

**L**ET raptur'd Bards, with Notes sublime,  
 In Praise of BEAUTY tune their Lyres;  
 Be mine the Choice in humble Rhyme,  
 To sing bright VIRTUE's nobler Fires.

Though

Though all the Cyprian Queen adore,  
 Superior Charms my Sylvia grace :  
 Sage Wisdom's Paths her Feet explore,  
 While Modesty adorns her Face.

Let Belles in Pageantry delight,  
 And tinsel'd Fops their Taste approve ;  
 In plain Attire Perfection bright  
 Shall more majestically move.

Prudence most eminently shines  
 In all my Charmer acts or says ;  
 Whilst empty Show the Maid declines,  
 Her Study ever is to please.

Her Tongue base Scandal ne'er defiles ;  
 What Fair, alas ! can boast the same ?  
 Her Soul at Calumny recoils ;  
 So tender of her Neighbour's Fame.

Amid the toilsome Cares of Life,  
 Content and Patience rule her Breast ;  
 While Grandeur seeks ambitious Strife,  
 Her humble Cot with Peace is blest.

What genuine Worth her Lips display !  
 With what Good-nature flows her Soul !  
 Her Converse charms dire Spleen away,  
 And dares ev'n Anger's Rage controul.



Maternal Care with Joy to crown,  
 How circumspect are all her Ways!  
 What Task more worthy of Renown?  
 What more deserves fair CLIO's Praise?

O! had I lofty IDA rang'd,  
 In Place of PRIAM's faithless Son,  
 The hapless Scene had then been chang'd,  
 For PALLAS sure the Fruit had won.

Then had old Troy securely stood,  
 Fair HELEN ne'er with Guilt been stain'd;  
 OENONE not in vain had su'd,  
 Whilst I had heav'nly Wisdom gain'd.

In Strains then equal to the Theme,  
 The Woods should echo SYLVIA's Praise,  
 For her alone I'd Life esteem,  
 In her calm Bower close my Days.



## FRIENDSHIP.

Cui potest esse Vita vitalis, qui non in Amici  
mutua Benevolentia conquiescat? ENNIUS.

**H**AIL noble FRIENDSHIP! Virtue's Off-  
spring hail!  
Whose heav'nly Influence breathes into my Soul  
Enthusiastic Ardor! makes me dare  
With tow'ring Flight PARNASSUS' Brow at-  
tempt,  
Vainly presuming all the sacred Nine  
Will join their Efforts to inspire my Lays.

Hail Source of Harmony and social Good!  
Without whose Stay the mightiest Empires fall,  
O'erwhelm'd with Anarchy and civil Broils!  
Bereft of thee, Man seeks, alas! in vain,  
For sublunary Bliss! his fondest Hopes  
Like fumid Vapours quickly lost in Air.

So great thy Worth! yet how shall I explore  
Thy secret Haunts, or trace thy mystic Paths?  
Far from the Verge of Courts, where Flattery  
reigns,  
With Speech mellifluent, Heart with Rancour  
foul;  
Where ev'n the Monarch durst not own a Friend,  
Without exposing him to public Hate;

C

Thou

Thou tak'st thy Flight, to seek the humble  
Bow'r,

Where dwell fair Industry and calm Content,  
Thy lovely Sisters; whence brisk COLIN hies,  
With rapid Motion earnestly to seek  
His Neighbour's Lambkin from the Flock far  
stray'd;

If found, with Joy exulting home he bears  
The captive Prize; with grateful Thanks repaid.  
But should perchance the ruthless Spoiler seize  
The helpless Vagrant, and pollute the Plain  
With crimson Dye ( irrevocable Loss ! )  
With heaving Breast and sympathizing Tears,  
He mourns the dire Mishap as if his own.

Here in a homely, peaceable Retreat,  
From busy Scenes, in Life's autumnal Stage,  
The good HONORIUS and HONESTUS dwell,  
Sharing each other's Joy, each other's Grief;  
Ambitious each which most shall please his  
Friend;

Not closer Amity resplendent once,  
In fam'd ORESTES and PYLADES shone;  
Their Hopes and Fears united; nor disjoin'd  
Their mutual Care to raise the drooping Soul,  
By Penury deprest: grateful to him,  
On whom their Life, their Happiness depend.

Relax'd

Relax'd from Bus'ness, freed from anxious  
Care,

To this sequester'd Shade each vernal Eve,  
With youthful CORYDON \* my Bosom Friend,  
To join in social Converse I retire.

Entranc'd with pleasing Wonder here we view  
The beauteous Face of Nature; here admire  
With sacred Awe, th' unfathomable Depths  
Of Providence mysterious! Blest Employ!  
To fill the Soul with Gratitude and Love;  
And fit her for refin'd celestial Bliss.

Sometimes in artless rural Strains we court  
The Sister Muses to our lov'd Retreat;  
Or born on Recollection's Wing, explore  
Historic Annals, lasting Monuments  
To worthy Characters and glorious Deeds!  
Rehearse how Heroes conquer'd, Kingdoms rose;  
What Age and Clime produc'd each great Event,  
When Arts appear'd, or learned Sages wrote.  
Deducing from each Subject such Remarks  
As elevate the Mind and mend the Heart.

These thy Effects, O FRIENDSHIP, Heav'n-  
born Maid!

From thee gleam forth those Rays of Love  
sublime,

That dignify our Nature, crown our Hopes  
With present Peace and future endless Joy:

Whilst

Whilst Enmity, that hideous Monster, Bane  
 Of Happiness, that Child of lowest Hell !  
 Disgorges from her fell, rapacious Throat  
 Confusion dreadful ! counteracts the Laws  
 Of Wisdom infinite ! and from her Womb  
 Emits the Children of Revenge, a Brood  
 Terrific ! of infernal Fiends that haunt  
 The Soul with Guilt appall'd, embitter Life,  
 And add new Horror to the Pangs of Death.

Thou Pow'r supreme, whose Influence be-  
 nign  
 O'er all Creation's infinite Extent,  
 Shines forth ineffable ! inspire my Heart  
 With Kindness universal : let not Pride,  
 Envy malignant, sordid Lust of Gain,  
 Or any kindred discord-brooding Vice,  
 Disturb my tranquil Breast ; but let me pass  
 Through all the varied Scenes which Life un-  
 folds,  
 In social Harmony with all around,  
 Serene and calm as glides the lucid Stream.



Congratulatory



# Congratulatory Verses,

Address'd to Mr. WILLIAM FARLEY,  
*Chichester*, on his happy Recovery from  
the Small Pox.

Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est Tempore nobis.

VIRG. Ecl.

SINCE CORYDON from dire Contagion freed,  
Again with blooming Vigour tunes his  
Reed

To dulcet Strains, shall I, his Friend, refuse  
The early Gratulations of my Muse?

Rather, lov'd Genius, be th' Occasion blest,  
On which my warm Esteem shall be exprest,  
Ere yet the modest Veil of Youth withdrawn,  
Displays thy Merit as the smiling Dawn;  
Ere the fair Flow'r is in Perfection blown,  
Or to the World it's op'ning Splendor known.  
But cease dull Praise, too weak thy Fame to  
spread,

Accept my earnest Wishes in its Stead.

Smooth glide thy Days, with all those Joys  
replete,

Which conscious Virtue ever will await :

Long in the Sphere of Science may'st thou move,  
The Height of Nature's Excellence to prove ;

In

In Doubts to lead the Ignorant aright,  
 And place true Wisdom in its proper Light :  
 Here to reform at once and charm Mankind,  
 (A Task well suited to thy noble Mind),  
 And shed resplendent Lustre on an Age,  
 In which Vice triumphs with unbounded Rage.--  
 O! may the Destinies thy Thread extend,  
 And gracious Heav'n each needful Blessing  
                     lend,  
 To crown with Peace thy Life, Felicity thy  
                     End.

T O

The Rev. Mr. W-LK-R,

On hearing him Preach at Chichester Ca-  
 thedral, April 30th, 177.

*Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.* HOR.

**A** Youthful Bard, as yet to thee unknown,  
 (Whose Muse on meritorious Themes alone  
 Employs her Art) attempts, in humble Verse,  
 Thy Worth and Skill transcendent to rehearse.

No more the Bar, the Senate, and the Stage,  
 To their sole Aid shall Eloquence engage;

In

IN THEE her Charms the sacred Rostrum grace,  
 Where far more noble Subjects claim a Place:  
 There Arguments, with pow'rful Motives fraught,  
 Enforce the Truths thy heav'nly Master taught,  
 With all the Strength of Elocution join'd,  
 To fix Attention in the wand'ring Mind.

While Zeal enthusiastic vents aloud,  
 With frantic Gesture, to the trembling Croud,  
 Tenets absurd, *thy* pious Accents fire  
 Our languid Souls, excite us to admire  
 Religion's Aspect, pleasant and benign,  
 And own its holy Maxims all divine.  
 Nor with less Energy thy Lips relate  
 Th' impending Horrors of a sinful State;  
 Teach us the direful Rocks of Vice to shun,  
 On which so many fatally have run.

Thrice happy they whom thy wise Counsels  
 lead,  
 Where Virtue dwells, in heav'nly Charms array'd,  
 Who quit the Paths of Misery and Shame  
 To seek immortal Bliss, and endless Fame.

Still, Rev'rend Youth, continue to impart  
 The pure, the wholesome Dictates of thy Heart.  
 Religion to its pristine Splendor raise,  
 And by thy great Example smoothe its Ways;  
 Thus may'st thou here thy holy Function grace,  
 And, after Death, eternal Joys embrace.

## An Hymn of Gratitude.

**T**O thee my Saviour, God, and King,  
I consecrate my humble Lays,  
With feeble Voice I fain would sing  
My Great, Sublime Creator's Praise.

But how shall I the Lord Supreme  
In Language suitable address?  
What Words will reach the lofty Theme,  
Immortal Majesty express!

Affist me Heav'n, and tune my Lyre  
With Notes angelic from above;  
Do thou my glowing Breast inspire  
With Raptures of extatic Love.

From Thee all Excellence I trace;  
To Thee all Nature's Glory tends,  
Sweet Fountain of celestial Grace,  
On whom alone true Bliss depends.

At thy omnipotent Decree  
The Universe from nothing rose,  
And all its beauteous Parts agree  
Their glorious Author to disclose.

And shall not I, in grateful Strains,  
Thy Wisdom, Goodness, Pow'r display?  
Whose Providence my Life sustains,  
Enrich'd with Mercies Day by Day.

From



From Infancy to Age mature,  
 My Guide and Comfort hast thou prov'd;  
 Guarded by thee I rest secure,  
 Each Fear and Danger far remov'd.

When dire Disease my languid Frame  
 With Pain and Misery oppress'd,  
 To my Relief thy Pity came,  
 And balmy Health my Vitals blest.

Unvex'd with every anxious Care,  
 That Wealth or Indigence await,  
 Amply thy bounteous Gifts I share,  
 With sweet Tranquility replete.

But O! thy vast transcendent Love,  
 To me and all Mankind display'd,  
 When from the glorious Realms above,  
 In meek Humility array'd,

The Great Messias came, to clear  
 The Mist which long fair Truth obscur'd,  
 Our Souls with blissful Hopes to chear,  
 In Guilt and Misery immur'd.

O blest Redemption! hallow'd Sound!  
 The balmy Comfort of my Soul;  
 In thee unfading Joys abound;  
 Pleasures on endless Pleasures roll.

To seek O Lord! thy wonted Grace,  
 Let Gratitude my Heart excite;

D

Display



Display the Glories of thy Face,  
And guide my wand'ring Steps aright.

That I the blest seraphic Choir,  
In Concert may hereafter join,  
And tune the ever-sacred Lyre,  
In grateful Praise of Love divine.

## A D A M I C U M †.

NUNC age, excussis Animo, Sodalis,  
Tristibus Curis, virides relinque  
BELGICÆ \* Gentis variis nitentes  
Messibus Agros.

Hic bibes mecum recubans Falernum,  
Et fruens ulmi placidâ Quiete  
Arva quâ lambit saliente Lymphâ  
Vitreus Amnis.

Igneos Ictus viridans repellet  
Otiosis Sylva, et amœna leni  
Aura spirabit Zephyri Susurro  
Pectori Amorem.

† This Poem is taken from SYLVÆ, or a Collection  
of POEMS, by a Young Gentleman of Chichester.

\* Veteres Hantoniæ incolæ appellabantur Belgæ

Panque montanus, celeresque Fauni,  
Ac decens Nympharum aderunt Caterva,  
Dum canis Flacci Citharâ faceti  
Digna Mariæ.

Occupemus sic fugitiva Vitæ  
Gaudia. --- An nobis, quid Iberus ardens,  
Quidve Galli frustra agitent Minaces  
Mente dolosa?

Torva quas Umbras cruciet MEGÆRA?  
Quas strepens Oras feriatve TETHYS?  
Quas Deum Rex nunc jaculetur Arces  
Fulmine misso?

Dum licit, labens patiturque Tempus,  
Flore præcincti Caput, accinamus  
Fervidos Ignes, minimè anxii quid  
Cura futura.

Translation by D. F. Junr.

TO MY FRIEND.

COME now my Friend, while Youth re-  
mains,  
Let anxious Cares desert thy Breast;  
For sake awhile HANTONIA'S Plains,  
In Summer's various Beauties drest.

Beneath a verdant Shade reclin'd,  
 With me the grateful Time employ,  
 Where limpid Rills their Courses wind,  
 Falernian Juice shall raise our Joy.

Now shelter'd from the scorching Ray,  
 We'll taste the Pleasures of the Grove,  
 Where Zephyrus in wanton Play,  
 Shall breathe the genuine Sweets of Love :

While Mountain PAN and sprightly Fauns  
 Attend thy soft *Horatian* Lyre,  
 With Nymphs that grace the flow'ry Lawns,  
 MARIA shall the Song inspire.

Thus let us grasp the fleeting Hours,  
 That yet with purest Transports teem,  
 Nor dread what Mischiefs foreign Pow'rs  
 'Gainst *Albion's* Safety vainly scheme.

Within our calm Retreat secure,  
 No fears shall discompose the Mind ;---  
 What Ghosts infernal Pangs endure,  
 To stern MEGÆRA's Chains consign'd,

Concern us not,--- nor 'gainst what Shore  
 The rushing Waves impetuous move,  
 O'er what doom'd Fortrefs Thunders roar,  
 Hurl'd by the Arm of angry Jove.

Whilst Time and Freedom are our own,  
 Let us our Loves in Songs declare,  
 With flow'ry Wreaths our Temples crown,  
 Regardless of To-morrows Care.      T H E

## THE FIRST OF MAY,

## A N O D E.

THE smiling Season now appears,  
 All Nature greets the welcome Day,  
 That each desponding Mortal cheers,  
 The lovely, grateful First of May.

The Trees, adorn'd with varied Bloom,  
 The chearful Warblers on the Spray,  
 The Flow'rs, exhaling rich Perfume,  
 All hail the welcome First of May.

The wanton Herds now toss their Heads,  
 And sprightly Lambkins frisk and play,  
 Light-bounding o'er th' enamell'd Meads,  
 Charm'd with the grateful First of May.

Stern Boreas now no longer reigns,  
 Bright PHOEBUS rules with lenient Sway,  
 And gilds the Mountains, Woods and Plains,  
 To crown the joyful First of May.

Soft Zephyrs too, in gentle Gales,  
 Chase wintry Vapours far away,  
 And breathing Fragrance o'er the Vales,  
 Embalm the lovely First of May.

See how the jovial Swains advance,  
 With Nymphs, adorn'd in Liv'ries gay,  
 To join the annual blithsome Dance,  
 And celebrate the First of May.

Around where stands the stately Pole,  
 With Garlands deck'd in bright Array,  
 Pleasure and Mirth inspire the whole,  
 To greet with Songs the First of May,

Haste then, dear Sylvia, to thy Swain,  
 Through flow'ry Meadows let us stray,  
 Exchange our mutual Vows again,  
 And crown with Love the First of May.

## SUR LES PANACHES,

### CHANSON.

Addressee aux Dames de CHICHESTER,

( AIR, *Revelles vous belle Endormie.* )

OUI sur la Tête de vos Dames  
 Laissez les Panaches floter ;  
 Ils sont analogues aux Femmes,  
 Elles font bien de les porter.



La Femme se peint elle même  
 Dans ce frivol Ajustement ;  
 La Plume vole elle est l'Emblème  
 De ce Sexe trop inconstant.

Des Femmes l'on sçait les Coutumes ;  
 Vous font elles quelque Serment ?  
 Fiés vous y comme a leurs Plumes  
 Autant en emporte le Vent.

D'un Panache moins ridicule  
 Le Mulet marche revêtu,  
 Qui de la Femme ou de la Mule  
 Est l'Animal le plus têtû ?

La Femme aussi du haut Parage  
 Porte Plumes chès les Incas,  
 Mais chès eux la Femme est sauvage,  
 Et les votres ne le sont pas.

Si vous ornés en Engleterre  
 D'un Panache votre Moitié  
 D'un autre, d'un autre Matière  
 On la voit vous gratifié.



# The Plume of Feathers,

## A S O N G.

Address'd to the Ladies of CHICHESTER.

(Translated by D. F. Junr.)

**T**HAT Feathers well become the Fair  
No Censor can dispute,  
They, ruffled by each Breath of Air,  
Such wav'ring Tempers suit.

No juster Emblem of the Mind  
Can outward Shew impart,  
Than, pictur'd in her Dress we find  
A faithless Woman's Heart.

When she her usual Vows presumes  
With Fondness to declare,  
Believe them stable as her Plumes  
That float about in Air.

The Mule, with grateful Plumage crown'd  
In stately Pomp is led ;  
Say, which is by Experience found  
To wear the strongest Head ?

What

What though the rich Peruvian Dame  
 Her Crown with Feathers grace,  
 Must British Ladies act the same  
 As this vile savag Race.

Then Englishmen, this Counsel take,  
 Such paltry Toys despise,  
 Left on your Brow they soon should make,  
 Some other Plumage rise.

## Answer to the foregoing French Song.

By *D. FOOT*, Junr.

**W**HAT, shall a foreign Critic dare  
 With Freedom to reprove  
 The Manners of the British Fair,  
 And not our Censure move ?

Forbid it Beauty, and each Grace  
 That dignifies the Sex,  
 Nor let the Stings of Satire base  
 Celestial Minds perplex.

Shall Britain's Daughters to the Mules  
 Of Gallia be compar'd ?  
 Farewell, then, Modesty ! thy Rules  
 Are obsolete declar'd.

E

Presumptuous

Presumptuous Bard ! say, whence arise

Thy Hatred and thy Spite ?

Canst thou those Heav'nly Charms despise

Which give each Breast Delight.

But why amidst the Feather'd Train,

Distinguish'd from the rest,

Should fair CICESTRIA's Dames retain

The Stigma of thy Jest ?

Is it that Affectation here

Alone her Pomp displays ?

Or that superior Charms appear,

And Envy swells thy Lays ?

Thy Country more deserves the Stings

Of such opprobrious Rhymes,

From whence the Dress fantastic springs,

The Vice of modern Times.

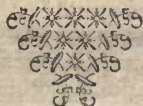
To HER then let thy Muse return,

Her empty Taste revile ;

Nor longer let thy Malice burn

Against this happy Isle.

JULY 26th, 1776.



PROLOGUE,

## P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by the Author at the Annual Feast  
of a MUSICAL SOCIETY held at the  
Anchor Inn, in *Chichester*, February  
the 28th, 1775.

**T**O-Day the annual festive Board is crown'd;  
Let genial Mirth and Friendship smile a-  
round.

To-day the Sons of Harmony unite  
Their vocal Strains, diffusive of Delight.  
CICESTRIA'S Choir the wide Expanse shall rend,  
Whilst list'ning Warblers on the Spray attend.  
With sweet melodious Pipe shall BARBER charm,  
And ORPHEUS-like, e'en savage Force disarm.  
In deep sonorous Note shall CARTER join,  
And deck with Majesty the flowing Line.  
Dispell'd be Grief, brisk Mirth diffus'd around,  
When tuneful PASCO, BARNARD, BUTTON sound,  
In lively Catch, or smiling social Glee:  
Say, Critics, where their Equals shall we see?  
When LUFFE'S enchanting Accents fill the Skies,  
Each Sense is lost in Rapture and Surprise.  
Nor shall the tender Lays of MECKETT lose  
Their just Regard, the Tribute of the Muse;



In native Melody supreme he shines,  
 Whilst Innocence adorns his rural Lines.

Hail matchless Band! in sweet Accord con-  
 spire,  
 Each Heart with glowing Extacy to fire.  
 Let Wit and Love their grateful Numbers join,  
 And add fresh Lustre to the sparkling Wine.  
 Discord avaunt! fly far ye Cares away!  
 Let tuneful PHOEBUS, ever young and gay,  
 His Beams benignly shed, to crown the blith-  
 some Day.

## E L E G Y

On the Death of Mr. GEORGE SMITH,  
 Landscape Painter, of *Chichester*, Sep-  
 tember 7th, 1776.

——— Præcipe lugubres,  
 Cæntus, Melpomene.—— HOR. Carm. 24. Lib. I.  
 Multum ille quidem flebilis occidit, Ibid.

Celestial Nine! your mournful Strains unite,  
 With solemn Music tune your sacred Lyres;  
 And aid my feeble Numbers to recite  
 How great a Loss each plaintive Breast in-  
 spires.

The

The Loss of SMITH ! whose Merits well demand  
 The utmost Skill of Eloquence and Verse,  
 To shield his Mem'ry from Oblivion's Hand,  
 And to succeeding Times his Praise rehearse,

Yet why ?--- his Works alone shall spread his  
 Fame,

And tell his Worth to ev'ry distant Age,  
 Nor need such feeble Efforts to proclaim  
 The Truths that crown his own immortal  
 Page.

In him the Sister Arts united shone :---

His Pencil ev'n might TITIAN's Skill out-  
 vie :---

His Tints, excell'd by Nature's Self alone,  
 At once astonish and delight the Eye.

Thrice only, Candidate for publick Fame,  
 His matchless Skill the Laurels THRICE \* at-  
 tain'd,

His Works the Glory of the Age became,  
 And endless Honour for their Master gain'd.

In native Ease and Innocence array'd,

His rural Notes enraptur'd ev'ry Ear,  
 And well the Goodness of his Heart portray'd,  
 The MAN, the Christian, and the Friend sin-  
 cere.

\* Alludes to his getting the Premium three times.

Nor less the Charms of Music (heav'nly Art!)  
 His Skill display'd in soft, harmonious Strains,  
 Strains that might ev'n dissolve the savage Heart,  
 And bind the captive Soul in pleasing Chains.

Weep on, fair Science, for thy favour'd Son,  
 The last Survivor of the illustrious THREE†;  
 Too soon, alas! the glorious Prize he won,  
 And left disconsolate his Friends and thee.

Let Britain too her heavy Loss deplore,  
 A Genius, whose unrivall'd Works impart  
 Her num'rous Graces to each distant Shore,  
 And stile her Queen of ev'ry noble Art.

And thou, bright Virtue! lend thy heav'nly  
 Aid;  
 With choicest Gifts adorn his sacred Shrine,  
 Who ne'er from thy delightful Borders stray'd,  
 But trod the unerring Paths of Truth divine.

† Three Brothers, all Capital Painters.



## THREE LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

DEAR BROTHER,

**A**S it concerns us all (and more especially near Relations) to promote as much as possible the Welfare of each other, accept these my poor Endeavours for that Purpose; which I beg You will read and consider with Attention. My Design is to lay before You some Rules, which being duly regarded, will secure us a present and everlasting Felicity; and which (I am sorry to say,) many of us, though not unacquainted with, treat with too much Negligence. Though I shall come far Short of that Excellency which so interesting a Subject requires, yet I flatter myself the good Intention will be an Excuse for the Faults, and will (by Divine Blessing) produce the wish'd-for Effect.

Our All-wise Creator hath implanted in us a Divine Faculty called Reason, to guide us in the Pursuit of those Things which are most for our real Advantage; and hath also favour'd us with his revealed Will in the sacred Scriptures, to direct us farther than the Extent of Human Reason;



son: There the meanest of us may discover with Ease, what the greatest Philosophers of Old had but the faintest Glimmerings of. To make a right Use of these inestimable Blessings is the best Return we can make, and all that he requires of us; on this depends our eternal Happiness or Misery. Now can there be any thing more agreeable to the Dictates of Reason, than that we should offer the utmost Adoration to that Omnipotent, Omniscient, All-gracious Being, who understands all our Thoughts, Words and Actions; who is always nigh to them that call upon him faithfully; to thank him for the many Blessings we continually receive from his bounteous Hand; to implore Pardon for the unworthy Returns we often make to his infinite Love and Mercy; to beg his Blessing on our honest Designs and Undertakings, and his gracious Assistance in working out our Salvation? But this is enforc'd by our Saviour in the Gospel with the most pressing and promising Terms; "Ask and it shall be given You; seek and ye shall find." "Whatsoever Ye shall ask the Father in my Name, he will give it You." 'Tis this easy profitable Duty that is the Foundation of true Piety; 'Tis this that peculiarly distinguishes Men from Brutes; and will be a means of obtaining the Divine Favour to lead us in the Paths of Happiness. And we ought to have  
especial



especial Regard to it every Night and Morning; for innumerable Dangers are continually over our Heads, and we are not sure that each Day may not be our last; but if by Prayer, when we go to rest, we have made an Atonement to God for our Sins; committed ourselves to his Fatherly Protection, with a firm Resolution to amend our Lives, we are secure against the worst that may happen; no Terrors can affright us, no Dangers hurt us, and even Death itself cannot reach our immortal Part. And when we arise, our unfeigned Thanks are due to him for preserving us the Night past, and raising us up in Health and Safety, beseeching him to protect us thro' the Day from all Sin and Danger. No Excuse should ever hinder us from the Discharge of this Duty, in publick and private; for as nothing is of so great Advantage as God's Favour, nothing is so terrible as his Displeasure. If we seek him, he will be found of us, but if we forsake him he will cast us off for ever.

But as in our Devotions we are to use the sacred Name of God with the greatest Reverence, so we are strictly forbid to prophane it. "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain." This is the Almighty's positive Decree, and cannot be revers'd. How much then is it to be lamented that many have so accusom'd themselves to this wicked

Habit, that they can scarcely utter a Word without an Oath; and in their common Discourse are for ever blaspheming God. 'Tis not only the greatest Impiety but the highest Pitch of Folly, for could one of these Persons see his ordinary Discourse in Writing, it must make the most Ignorant ashamed. Let me then advise You never to be guilty of this great Wick- edness. Bad Customs are easily acquired, but very difficult to shake off. If every idle Word that Men shall speak will be accounted for at the Day of Judgement, with what Horror shall such Persons appear before that tremendous Judge, whose Name they have so often derided.

Next to God, the utmost Reverence is due to our Parents. No Duty can be more reasonable than this. 'Tis to them under God we are indebted for our Being, and Preservation from our Birth; many Toils and Afflictions have they suffer'd for our Sakes; many laborious Days and restless Nights. In our Infancy and Sicknefs they have nurs'd us with the greatest Tenderness and Care; our Welfare have been their Joy, our Misfortunes their Grief: for which (tho' we cannot make them sufficient Return) let us endeavour to shew the sincerest Gratitude, in assisting them to our utmost; performing their Commands with Pleasure, not despising their

their Reproofs, but submitting to their better Judgement. So shall we one Day receive the due Reward of this our filial Piety, and may possibly hereafter also be blest with Children as good as we ourselves have been.

We are also commanded to love our Neighbours as ourselves; to do to all Men as we would have them do to us; not to envy but honour our Superiors, and be friendly and kind to our Inferiors and Equals. Not to be malicious when injur'd, but to forgive our Enemies, and do them all the good Offices in our Power. Our Obedience to these Precepts will prove us to be true Disciples of our Saviour, by following his blessed Steps, who prayed for his Enemies under the most cruel Torments; "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

I have now given a short Sketch of our principal Duties to God and our Neighbour, which you may see more clearly laid out and enforced in several pious Books; but in the New Testament we may find not only the best and most important Precepts, but also such a blessed Example of the Practice of them, as is beyond the Power of Man to give. There we may see the Son of God himself, who knew no Sin, condescend to take upon him our Nature, suffer the greatest Hardships and Miseries of Life, and the most

cruel and ignominious Death, as a Sacrifice for our Sins; leaving us the brightest Pattern of Holiness to copy after, and a sure Means of Reconciliation with God, Repentance thro' his Name, who is now at the Right Hand of God, always interceding for penitent Offenders. Let us therefore turn unto him, and seek him while he may be found, that so we may obtain his Grace to help us in Time of Need. Let us attend his Worship with Reverence and Humility; Hear his holy Word attentively, and obey it with Sincerity and Love. 'Tis not (as some foolishly imagine) a hard Task to serve God; he is not a severe and rigid Task-Master, exacting more from us than we can perform: No, the Ways of Religion are Ways of Pleasantness, and all its Paths are Peace; his Yoke is easy, and his Burden is light. And could we once be persuaded to make the Trial, we should soon be convinced that he who lives in the constant Fear and Love of his Maker, shews his utmost Endeavour to obey his Commands, is in Friendship and Charity with all Mankind, is diligent in his Calling, contented in his Situation, true and just in all his Actions; tho' his outward Circumstances are but mean and despicable, has yet more substantial and real Happiness than Riches or the greatest worldly Gratifications can bestow. No Afflictions can disturb the

Peace



Peace of a good Conscience; it will advance us above the Reach of the greatest Troubles, and make our Souls happy when our Bodies are in Misery: whereas should a wicked Man have the greatest Prosperity in the World, he is yet unhappy; his Conscience disturbs and haunts him wherever he goes; he feels not the least Satisfaction in Riches, but is in want of that which Wealth cannot buy; his Life is continually uneasy, and Death, instead of relieving, will lead him to much greater and more lasting Torments. While to a good Man it proves only the exchanging of a vain and troublesome World, for the delightful Regions of eternal Happiness. A proper Consideration on this, one might think, would reclaim the most harden'd Sinner, and make him chuse the pleasant Paths of Virtue. Let me advise you therefore to Remember your Creator in the Days of your Youth; to apply your Heart to true Wisdom, which is the Fear of the Lord; to check your unruly Passions, and unlawful Desires; quit the broad Way which leads to Misery, and walk in the strait Way which leads to Life eternal.

But whilst I am admonishing you, I hope I shall not be found one of those who give Rules to others which themselves will not practice, and are ready to pull the Mote out of their Brother's Eye,



Eye, but perceive not the Beam in their own. No, I am truly sensible of the many grievous Offences I have been guilty of, for which I am heartily sorry and ashamed; but I hope by sincere Repentance, and a future virtuous Life, thro' the Intercession of our Redeemer, we shall both be received to Divine Favour, and be in the Number of those, who shall be pronounced Blessed at the Great Day of Retribution. I am

*Your loving Brother,*

*Sincere Friend and Well-wisher,*

CHICHESTER,  
April 2d, 1771.

D. FOOT.

## LETTER II.

DEAR BROTHER,

ONCE more I offer you my poor, though well intended Advice; and intreat you as a Brother and a Friend, if you have any Regard for your real Interest, to consider seriously what I now lay before you. Should any one direct you how to acquire an immense Fortune, would you not gratefully follow such Advice? how much

much more when the Means are given you to obtain those Riches which shall never fail, those Pleasures which shall never have an End. The Task is not difficult; our Gracious Creator hath put it into every one's Power to be for ever happy, and it is our own Fault if we will not embrace the Opportunity while we have it. Remember how short and uncertain our Time is! how soon we may be called to give a solemn Account of our Actions before the Searcher of all Hearts! Though we are now in the Bloom of Youth and Health, yet many are the Accidents by which we, as well as others, may be cut off; perhaps To-day or To-morrow may be our last; a few Years at most will put a Period to our Existence; and whether we are prepared or not, will bring us to that great Tribunal, where all our Thoughts, Words and Actions will be examin'd, and eternal Happiness or Misery await the irrevocable Sentence we shall then receive.

In my last I gave you a short Summary of our necessary Christian Duties, with some few Remarks on the Advantages arising from the Observance of them. I shall now enlarge a little further on the Duty we owe to God as our Creator, Preserver, Governor, and kind Benefactor; hoping this will make a proper Impression

sion on your Mind, and by the Divine Blessing lead you back from the Paths of Sin and Misery, into the Ways of Virtue, of Pleasantness, and of Peace.

To know and believe in God is the Foundation of all Religion; that is, to obtain, by frequent Meditations on his Divine Nature and Perfections, such a Knowledge of and Faith in Him, as may produce in us a sincere Desire to obey his Will. If we reflect on his infinite Power, that he created all things out of nothing by the Word of his Mouth; that he can as easily put a Period to their Existence; that he casteth down the Mighty and exalteth the lowly; that he can cut us off in the Midst of our Sins, and plunge us into everlasting Destruction; certainly these Considerations must sufficiently humble us, remind us of own Impotency, and make us cautious not to offend him. His infinite Wisdom, so conspicuous through all his Works, in which nothing is imperfect, but every thing shews forth its Divine Author, must create in us the highest Reverence and Respect for Him; teach us to be contented and thankful in that Situation which he hath placed us, and patiently submissive to his Divine Will under every Dispensation, not doubting but if we sincerely love and serve him, he will make all things work together for our Good.

A Contemplation on his infinite Goodness and Mercy, so often displayed to us unworthy Sinners, in conferring on us all things necessary for our Comfort and Convenience; blessing us with Health, Friends, Food and Raiment; giving us the noble Endowments of Reason and Understanding, must awaken in us the sincerest Gratitude and Affection. But to what Rapture of Love and Admiration will our Hearts be raised, if we consider as we ought, that amazing Instance of his exceeding Kindness and Compassion for us, our Redemption from the Bondage of Sin, by the Sacrifice of his only Son! who gave himself up to a cruel and ignominious Death, that he might obtain for us eternal Life. And when we are fast bound with the Chains of Iniquity, carry'd away by every Temptation, and ready to sink under our Burden, how transporting is the Reflection that we have a Saviour and Redeemer at hand, who, upon our Repentance and Resolution of Amendment, will intercede for us, restore us again to Favour, and assist our weak and imperfect Endeavours. If we behold a wise, virtuous, or powerful Person with Admiration, Love and Respect, let us remember what Veneration and Esteem is due to him who is the King of Kings, and is the Source from whence every good and perfect Gift is deriv'd.



These Reflections, assisted by a diligent Attention to the Holy Scriptures, will introduce us to such a Knowledge and Sense of the Nature and Attributes of God, and our necessary Dependence upon him, as will lead us to the Practice of our religious and moral Duties: But observe this Truth, (which the Experience of every Day has fully proved) that those who put not their Trust in God, but live in a Course of continual Impiety and Irreligion, are seldom (if ever) otherwise than defective in Justice and Charity to their Brethren. Against these Persons, human Laws were made; for, the Laws of God and Conscience are sufficient to warn a Man from the Danger of secret as well as notorious Sins, and direct him to such Actions as are virtuous and praise-worthy. We learn from the before mentioned Guides to worship our Creator in Spirit and in Truth; to adore him as well with the Heart as by the outward Gestures of Humility; to beg of him what is needful for our Souls and Bodies, and thank him for the many Mercies and Blessings we have already received; and as we continually stand in need of his gracious Assistance and Protection, are every Moment favour'd with fresh Instances of his Goodness, so we never should be wanting in our Petitions for the Continuance of these Mercies; since he who is Truth itself has promised, that

if



if we ask faithfully, we shall obtain effectually. And when the Almighty invites and commands, shall we weak Mortals refuse to obey! Can any of us be so daring as to lie down in our Beds without imploring his gracious Protection, and Pardon for our Sins, when we know not whether we shall ever see the Morning Light? Do we arise in Health and Safety, refreshed and fit for our daily Employments, and shall we not with bended Knees offer up our Thanksgivings to the Author of these Favors? Can we proceed on our worldly Concerns without begging his Assistance and Support? Shall we receive our daily Sustenance without remembering and acknowledging the Giver of all good Things? And yet (shocking is the Thought!) how many neglect these weighty Matters! how many eat and drink, lie down and rise, as if they had no more Reason or Reflection than the Beasts that perish! Depending on themselves and Friends, they forget their great Benefactor, disregard his Ordinances, and despise the Offers of his Grace. Even the Day which he hath order'd to be kept sacred to divine Purposes, they, by Riot, Drunkenness, and Debauchery, make too often the most unholy of all the seven; or if, perhaps, they do not always break out into such flagrant Enormities, they do not consider that the Neglect of Wor-

ship, of hearing and reading God's holy Word, and spending the Sabbath in vain Pleasures and worldly Concerns, is a shameful Profanation of it, and a Breach of a positive Commandment. But be not deceived: these Matters, though they may appear trifling in the Eyes of inconsiderate Men, are not so with God. He hath furnished us with Reason to instruct us in what is right and profitable for us; hath revealed to us his Will in the holy Scriptures; hath made the Ways of Virtue conducive to the most solid Comfort and Enjoyment here, as well as to eternal Happiness hereafter; hath offered us his gracious Assistance to further our weak Endeavours, and conduct us thro' the several Stages of our Duty. If we are regardless of all these Mercies, are deaf to his Promises and Threatnings, and resolve to continue impenitent, what can we expect but the fierce Vengeance of his Wrath and heavy Displeasure? Who, if they would but seriously consider that they have it in their Power to enjoy an Eternity of Happiness, would be so stupid as to choose eternal Misery? O that Men were wise, and consider'd often their latter End! That they would frequently meditate on a future State, and compare impartially their temporal with their eternal Interest! then would every one strive to live as he would wish to die. The short Time of our Continuance

ance here would be improved in pious and benevolent Actions, and happy should be our Condition even in this Life: But since by the Frailty of our Nature, we cannot hope to arrive at such universal Perfection in this Scene of Things, let us, who have no Excuse for our Neglect, but every Advantage to forward us in the Way of Salvation, endeavour, by a constant Attention to those Precepts which are given us by our Creator himself, to obtain that glorious Prize, the Testimony of a good Conscience, which shall bear us up under every Affliction, comfort us in the Hour of Death, and introduce us to the blessed Society of Saints in the glorious Regions of Bliss and Immortality.

I am,

*Your loving Brother,*

CHICHESTER,  
August 31st, 1771.

D. FOOT.

### LETTER III.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Received yours, and am greatly pleased with your Remarks on the Exhibitions at the Theatre and Sadler's Wells. But I find your  
Curiosity

Curiosity has furnished me with a Subject for a few Words, by way of Admonition, which I hope you will accept as from one who sincerely wishes your Welfare.

These Entertainments, to one who never before saw London, and is willing to indulge himself in a moderate Way, may perhaps not be dangerous; but beware of placing your Affections on such Objects. Vice, tho' the most detestable Monster in Nature, generally appears in the most alluring and engaging Forms, and the most wary are oftentimes entangled in her Snares. In an Age of Luxury and Dissipation, he who suffers himself to be carried away by the Tide of Fashion and the general Customs of those around him, will most certainly suffer Shipwreck, as many of those unhappy Wretches you mention'd have sadly experienced. No, let the Wicked and Profligate laugh at your Virtue and Prudence (or Singularity if they please to call it), you will one Day have sufficient Reason to mourn their Folly and approve your own wise Resolutions. Whilst the Pleasures of the World (if they may be stiled Pleasures) are attended with Uneasiness, Anxieties, and Disappointments, continue but for a Moment, and are followed by a long Train of Evils; the Pleasures of Virtue are real, substanti-



al, and full of solid Satisfaction, undisturbed by the greatest Troubles, and what is more, of infinite Duration. Surely then, if there were fewer noble Examples for our Imitation, who would not even appear singular in his Choice, when the Balance is so much in his Favour? But if you carefully examine, you may find in London a sufficient Number of agreeable and improving Acquaintance. Mr. S-----, your Master (I am inform'd) is a worthy Gentleman: endeavour by your faithful and obliging Behaviour to conciliate his Esteem; and you will doubtless find in him not only a good Master, but a sincere Friend. With Mr. R----- and his Spouse you will see Frugality and Goodnature in their greatest Perfection. In the Company of Mr. D----- you will most probably learn Sobriety and Discretion; Virtues which he possessed in a conspicuous Manner when at Chichester. In the Conversation of such Persons you will find more solid Entertainment than in the the most pleasing Exhibitions.

In the Business of your Profession let not your Views be contracted within the narrow Limits of a Journeyman. You have been blest'd with a tolerable good Education; and I hope Providence will one Day put it in your Power to move in a more enlarged Sphere: therefore it highly concerns you to let no Opportunity slip  
of



of getting a just Notion of Trade; to make yourself not only Master of your Business, but to find out every Place where any of the Articles you use may be bought at the best Hand; and make proper Minutes of them; to listen attentively when Trade is the Topick of Conversation, you may catch hold of something that may be of infinite Service to you. It behoves you not only to acquire a good Notion of your own Trade, but to furnish yourself with the Knowledge of Trade in general: possibly you may hit on something that may be much more to your Advantage than that you are at present engaged in, or which may be added to it by an industrious Application.

With regard to Curiosities, look round Westminster Abbey, behold the Monarchs, the Heroes and Sages of our Nation, and while you read the recorded Virtues of those great, and extraordinary Characters, you must remember, that it will be your Duty as well as Interest, to "Go and do likewise." I am

*Your loving Brother,*

CHICHESTER,  
September 29, 1772.

D. FOOT.

## S P E E C H E S

Deliver'd at a LITERARY SOCIETY  
in Chichester.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Question intended for this Evening's Discussion is, "Whether is there any such thing as Happiness in the World? if there is, where is it to be found?"

If by Happiness is meant an entire Exemption from Pain and Trouble, and a continual Succession of Delights, capable neither of Abatement nor Allay, I am confident that the universal Voice of Mankind will support my Opinion, that there is no such thing in the World. Such a State of pure and perfect Bliss can only be expected in those happy Mansions where Perfection ever reigns. The utmost of human Happiness can only be estimated by Comparison, that is, one Person may enjoy, or seem to enjoy, a greater Portion of it than another. Though this has ever been the chief Pursuit of all Mankind, few, very few are so fortunate as to obtain a moderate Degree of it; and the Reason is clearly evident, the Generality of them

H

follow

follow a wrong Course. It is no Wonder, therefore, that they are often "lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search." Some fancy it is to be found in Honours and Titles; others in Opulence and Grandeur; many in Pleasure, Ease, and Luxury; a few, of more refined Sensations, seek for it in Study and Retirement; while those of more active Dispositions look for in the busy World and amidst the Amusements of Society. In vain does each flatter himself with the pleasing Hope of one Day enjoying the End of his laborious Pursuit. ---- True Happiness is seated in the Mind, from whence alone proceed all the Joys and Sorrows that checker human Life. The Man who follows the Dictates of Reason and Conscience in a virtuous Course of Actions, unassaulted by the Stings of Guilt and Remorse, contented and resigned to the Will of Heaven, whatsoever be his outward Condition, enjoys the greatest Share of Felicity this World can bestow. SOLON, one of the wise Men of Greece, being asked by CRÆSUS, the wealthy King of Lydia, who in the whole World was happier than himself? answered "TELLUS, who tho' he "was poor, was a good Man, and content with "what he had." And the great Philosopher SOCRATES says, that "Contentment is the "Wealth of Nature, for it gives every thing "we want, and really stand in need of." The

most to be desired

well as

Opinions

Opinions of many more of the antient heathen Sages might be produced in Supprt. of this Argument; but these, I presume, will be sufficient, if we add to their Testimony that of a Christian and one of our own Countrymen, I mean Mr. ADDISON, who may truly be said to speak from Experience, when he says, that “ a  
 “ good Conscience is to the Soul what Health is  
 “ to the Body; it preserves a constant Ease and  
 “ Serenity within us, and more than countervails  
 “ all the Calamities and Afflictions that can  
 “ possibly befall us.” But to drop Quotations, let me ask, who is more likely to obtain the truest Felicity than he whose sole Dependence is on the inexhaustible Fountain of Happiness? In the comfortable Assurance of divine Favour, and in his exalted Hopes of Eternity, he looks with Contempt on the trivial Misfortunes and Difficulties of this Life, and at the same Time finds a double Relish in the innocent Enjoyments of it, because he is freed from all anxious Cares about Futurity.--- To paint the Deformity of Vice, and the transcendent Beauty of Virtue; to describe the many Inconveniencies incident to the one, and the Pleasure arising from the Exercise of the other, would better become a Pulpit than this Place, and be more fully illustrated by a set Discourse, than by my loose and scatter'd Reflections; suffice it to say, that from the sensible Remarks of all the Gentlemen who have



spoken, I am fully convinced that a chearful Serenity of Mind, which constitutes the greatest Part of sublunary Bliss, is not confined to any outward Rank or Circumstances, but is equally attainable by all, since the only Sources from whence it flows is a good Conscience, and a contented Resignation to the Divine Will.

*March 1st, 1776.*

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QUESTION II. “ Whether the placing of Vice in a serious or a ridiculous Light, is the better Way of reforming the Morals of Mankind? ”

*Mr. President,*

“ Nothing is more ridiculous than to be “ serious about Trifles, and trifling “ about serious Matters.” This excellent Remark I take the Liberty to quote from an anonymous Author, as a Text or Prelude to my Argument. The latter Part of it seems very nearly to concern the present Question; for what is of a more serious Nature than Vice? which is attended with the most dreadful Consequences to its Followers; and yet, if treated in a jocose Manner, is liable to be considered as less pernicious than it really is. Though, Mr. President, I would not willingly be ranked among those flaming



flaming Zealots who continually thunder out Damnation, Death and Destruction against all those who do not embrace their fallible Opinions, yet, I must confess my Sentiments are widely different from *theirs* also, who, by witty Speeches would pretend to laugh Vice out of Countenance. Perhaps in some less weighty Matters, such as a ridiculous Affectation, an over Préciseness, a conceited Opinion of our Abilities, and other Foibles (which can scarce be rated as Vices) a pleasant Raillery may sometimes have a very good Effect; but who, let me ask, ever saw the Profligate and Vicious reform'd by such Means? or when did ever the Representation of a comic Piece convert a Knaves to an honest Man? I must own for my Part, I never saw, read, or heard of such an Instance. Though I would by no Means be understood wholly to condemn the rational Amusement of the Stage, yet I believe the comic Muse, in general, has but little Pretensions to Morality. Health, Reputation, and our eternal Welfare are Matters of too much Importance to be trifled with, and the Loss of them we can never be too seriously and earnestly warned against. Sir Roger L'Estrange says, " the Fear of Hell  
 " does a great deal towards keeping us in the  
 " Way to Heaven; and if it were not for the Pe-  
 " nalty, the Laws neither of God nor of Man  
 " would be obeyed." To the Opinion of this  
 excellent

excellent Moralist I join my unfeigned Assent, and sincerely believe that a few serious moral Arguments deduced from the Consideration of a future State, such I mean as adorned the Writings of Addison, Tillotson, and Sherlock, have contributed, and will contribute more to the Advantage of Mankind, and the Reformation of Sinners, than all the Comedies, Jests, Lam-poons, and Satires that ever made their Appearance in the World.

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QUESTION III. “ Whether the Passion of *Hope* or *Fear* is the most predominant in the human Breast ? ”

*Mr. President,*

THE two opposite Passions Hope and Fear are, I believe, generally allowed to be the main Springs of all our Actions. Each of them its Turn operates more or less upon every Mind, and is the chief Cause of our Happiness and Misery in this Life. No one is so much oppressed with Misfortunes but has some Glimmerings of Hope, some agreeable Expectations of Futurity which comfort and support him; nor is any one so elevated with Prosperity, but that the Fears of what *may* happen, at certain Times discompose and terrify him. Yet if I may be allowed from the little Knowledge I have had

of

of the human Heart, to deliver my Opinion which of these two is most predominant, I must give it in favour of Hope; for if our Fears were so great as to overbalance our pleasing Expectations, added to the many Misfortunes Mankind is daily subject to, our Life must certainly be insupportable; but that this is not the Case, Experience evidently shews us; for where there is one whom a continual Series of Troubles has rendered desperate, I believe there are fifty to be found who bravely surmount the greatest Difficulties, and if they do not immediately arrive to the Fruition of their Hopes, continually look forward, and flatter themselves with the agreeable, though uncertain Prospect of Futurity.

“ When Faith, Temperance, the Graces, and  
 “ other celestial Powers left the Earth (says one of the Antients) “ Hope was the only Goddess  
 “ that staid behind.” And the great Philoso-

pher Rochfoucault says, that “ Hope is the last

“ Thing that dies in Man; and tho’ it be ex-  
 “ ceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this great Use

“ to us, that whilst we are travelling thro’ Life,

“ it conducts us an easier and more pleasant

“ Way to our Journey’s End.”--- The ambi-

tious Man flatters himself with the Prospect of future Honours, and overlooks all Dangers and

Impediments. The covetous Man hopes one

Day to enjoy the Benefit of his accumulated

Stores, not considering how soon Death may de-

prive

prive him of them. The Sensualist still hopes for the Enjoyment of *that* which he has yet never been able to obtain, viz. *real* Pleasure. While the good Man's Hopes are fixed on that delightful Object which he will one Day certainly enjoy in its utmost Extent, a never-ceasing Flow of Happiness, which will satisfy the most longing Desires of his Soul. This comfortable Prospect makes him soar above the short and trivial Inconveniences of this Life; vanquishes every Fear that would assault his Peace, and daily convinces him of the immense Goodness and Wisdom of his Creator. --- This last Instance alone I think sufficiently proves the Falshood of Mr. Hobbes's Doctrine, "that Fear is the most prevalent Passion in the human Breast."

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QUESTION IV. "Whether the Art of Poetry  
"or Oratory tends most to the Promotion of  
"Virtue?"

*Mr. President,*

THE Promotion of Virtue, and Refinement of the Morals of Mankind ought to be the chief Business of every literary Science, as the mechanick Arts are principally designed to assist the corporeal Faculties. Poetry and Oratory are both well qualified for the Purposes of inculcating Religion and Goodness, as well as eradicating



eradicating Vice and Infidelity. To such the immortal Strains of Milton, and the soft Numbers of Thomson are excellently adapted; nor less the solid Reasonings of Lock and Addison, and the pious Persuasions of Tillotson and Sherlock. Though at first it appears difficult to determine which of these two Sciences claims the Preference for their Merits in this respect, yet, on Examination, we must be compelled by its superior Efficacy to bestow the Laurels on Oratory. Moved by the gentle Admonitions that flow from the Lips of heavenly Eloquence, the Niggard is made liberal, the Prodigal parsimonious, the Libertine chaste, and the Epicurean temperate; while even the Atheist and Infidel are struck by its invincible Arguments, and taught the Necessity as well as Probability of a superintending Providence and future State. The same happy Effects, my Antagonists may argue, proceed also from Poetry; but these I answer are confined only to a few Persons of more refined Understandings, who are capable of relishing its sublime Beauties; the major Part of Mankind are wholly insensible to its Charms, and would esteem the successive Jinglings of Rhime and the regular Harmony of Measure no more than as an excellent *Opiate*. Those lofty Expressions which every where abound in real Poetry are as unintelligible to them as a foreign

I Language.



Language. But Oratory, the more easy and comprehensive it is, the more excellent and forcible it appears both to the learned and the ignorant, and by addressing the Passions, as well as convincing the Reason of Mankind, it must certainly conduce more to the Promotion of Virtue than Poetry, which is generally calculated for the sublimer Feelings of Learning and Genius. Besides, when we are confined to Rhyme and Measure we cannot be supposed to reason with that Perspicuity, nor even with that Energy which an important Subject requires. Were our Learned Advocates obliged to defend the Cause of their Clients in Verse, their Pleadings would have but little Force in supporting oppressed Innocence; or were our Pulpit Orators obliged to chant forth the Denunciations of Heaven against Vice and Irreligion in Rhyme and Measure, their Discourses, for the most Part, would be as much regarded by their Auditors as Sternhold & Hopkins's Version of the Psalms. I must therefore, Mr. President, give my humble Opinion in favour of Eloquence.



## A P A S T O R A L,

To the Memory of my worthy and much esteemed  
Friend, Mr. DANIEL FOOT, late of Chichester,  
who departed this Life the 26th of October,  
1777.

THYRSIS and CORYDON.

THYRSIS.

WHILE all the plain a mournful prospect shews,  
And every breast with genuine sorrow glows;  
Whilst Damon's death the meads and groves bewail,  
Why stand we here, nor join the plaintive tale?

CORYDON.

Beneath yon antique grotto, brown with shade,  
Where ivy boughs their circling foliage spread,  
With hazels thick entwin'd, where elms display  
Their spreading branches, and exclude the day;  
A gloomy scene, well suited to our care!  
To sing his death, my Thyrsis, we'll repair:  
Securely here may browse the bleating dams,  
And Tityrus himself shall tend the lambs.

THYRSIS.

Since all around an awful silence reigns,  
Begin, young Corydon, the plaintive strains.  
Not softer music greets the blooming spring,  
Nor swans expiring can so sweetly sing;  
Nor charms like you the mournful Philomel,  
And Damon only could thy notes excel:  
But since cold death has snatch'd him from our plains,  
'Tis Corydon alone unrivall'd reigns.  
Begin then, swain, the weeping numbers raise,  
And every grove shall hearken to thy lays.

CORYDON.

Hear, Nature, hear, the mighty loss deplore,  
Damon, the good, the virtuous, is no more!  
Ye pow'rs auspicious, that delight to stray  
Where Lavant leads his silver-winding way;  
Arcadian Pan, and all ye Sylvan train;  
Great Phœbus too, that loves the peaceful plain;  
Ye nymphs and shepherds, wreaths of cypress bring,  
And ev'ry flow'r that decks the purple spring;

Join

Join all the song, the mighty loss deplore,  
Damon, the good, the virtuous, is no more!

Ye Muses, wail your darling son sincere,  
And o'er his ashes shed the tender tear;  
Lend all your aid, attune the golden lyre,  
With softest strains my aching breast inspire;  
With strains like those the hapless Damon sung,  
When crowding sylvans listen'd to his tongue;  
When good Philander \* was the woeful theme,  
And hills and dales re-echoed to his name;  
Then streams shall listen as I strike the shell,  
And every breeze his hapless story tell,  
Till Damon's name resound from shore to shore,  
And forests sigh, The shepherd is no more!

Ye tuneful tenants of the drooping grove,  
In silence sit, nor pour the strain of love;  
Or whilst the brooks in mournful cadence flow,  
Join the soft notes of sadly pleasing woe.  
Behold the flocks decline their pensive heads,  
Forake the plain, and seek the silent shades!  
Well may ye mourn! for who, when ting'd with gold,  
The welkin flames, shall drive you to the fold?  
Or who shall shield your tender young from harm,  
When Sirius rages, or when howls the storm?  
Come then, ye flocks, your mighty loss deplore,  
Damon, that lov'd your younglings, is no more!

See, Nature fades, the flow'ry honors die,  
And all things droop beneath th'inclement sky;  
In sighing murmurs winds their sorrow show,  
And heav'n relents in sympathetic woe;  
Alas! how chang'd the russet field appears!  
See streams o'erflow the meadows with their tears!  
No more the voice of melody complains,  
No more are heard the shepherds tuneful strains;  
But all, in silence hush'd, their loss deplore,  
Damon their joy, their wonder, now no more!

What form is that thro' yonder cloud I spy,  
More beauteous far than beams the orient sky?  
'Tis Damon's self, in radiant glories crown'd,  
Supremely fair, with circling angels round.—  
Blest spirit! from yon realms of endless day,  
With pity, oft thy toiling friends survey,

And

And oh ! direct, whilst we admire thy truth,  
 And copy thee thro' all the maze of youth !  
 That we may too † the shafts of death defy,  
 And calmly yield to fate, nor fear to die ;  
 Teach us content, nor still thy loss deplore,  
 Since thou shalt reign, when time shall be no more.

## THYRSIS.

Now cease the verse to sacred friendship due ;  
 For see how thick descends the noxious dew,  
 The setting sun now gilds the mountains heads,  
 And Night o'er all her shadowy mantle spreads ;  
 Old Hylax barks, the flocks demand the fold,  
 And thro' the hazles blows the wintry cold.

F.

† *This line is not imaginary, but a faint allusion to a noble fact.—Mr. Foot said to his father, when he took his final leave, “ It is the dispensation of divine Providence, and I am satisfied, I am not afraid to face my Creator, tho’ unworthy, and I hope we shall all meet again in a place of uninterrupted felicity and joy.”*

Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus  
 Tam clari capitas !



## A N E L E G Y

On the much-lamented Death of Mr. D. Foot,  
 Junr., whose many amiable Virtues render it a  
 publick as well as private Loss.

**B**URST forth ye Tears, the mournful Tribute pay,  
 To sacred Friendship tune the plaintive Lay ;  
 Let Old and Young attend the mournful Song,  
 And drink the Notes that tremble on my Tongue ;  
 Let mourning Nature the sad Loss deplore,  
 DAMON is dead, and Pleasure is no more.

Yet



Yet will he live whilst Memory shall raise  
 The well-earn'd Trophy to deserving Praise;  
 While in our Hearts the Love of Truth shall warm,  
 And the sweet Train of softer Virtues charm;  
 With winning Ease still dawning in his Mind,  
 Each Act was sweeten'd, and each Thought refin'd;  
 In Candour, Wit, and Modesty he shone,  
 The dear Companion, and the pious Son;  
 With heav'nly Ardour glow'd his youthful Mien,  
 And smiling Joy once danc'd in every Vein;  
 Let mourning Nature the sad Loss deplore,  
 DAMON is dead, and Pleasure is no more.

Sooner shall PHILOMEL, when stolen her Young,  
 Forget to mourn, and pour the tender Song,  
 Than Time shall wear his Image from my Mind,  
 And leave no Vestige of my Friend behind;  
 Alas! nor inward Pangs, nor fervent Prayers,  
 Nor all thy Friends, nor all thy Parents Tears,  
 Nor all thy Merit in Religion's Cause,  
 Could shield thy Life from Death's devouring Jaws;  
 To thee, my Friend, who did so late rehearse  
 \* PHILANDER's Death in sadly pleasing Verse;  
 To thee the Muse now tunes her plaintive Lays,  
 And gives this mournful Tribute to thy Praise:  
 Let fading Nature the sad Loss deplore,  
 DAMON is dead, and Pleasure is no more.

And thou, O cruel Fate! O partial Doom,  
 To crop such Godlike Virtues in their Bloom!  
 From mortal View to snatch his precious Head,  
 And damp each rising Joy with DAMON dead;  
 Tho' hence transferr'd to heav'nly Seats sublime,  
 His Virtues flourish in a milder Clime.  
 Ye mournful Parents arm the melting Soul,  
 And subject Passion to its just Controul;  
 Nor think that Time shall circumscribe his Race,  
 Or the strong Records of his Worth efface.  
 Still shall he live when this terrestrial Ball  
 By Time's dire Hand shall into Ruins fall;  
 In higher Seats shall move, shall still possess  
 The full Effusion of immortal Bliss;  
 There perfect Joys shall spring in endless Store,  
 And DAMON reign, and Pleasure evermore.

H. S.

\* The late Mr. GEORGE SMITH, of Chichester.









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